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No. 470

IN FAITH.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Beyond the vast, eternal sea
I see my dear ones stand,
And know they watch and wait for me
With many a beckoning hand.

But strong with faith in God above
He over good things here
Content to trust the Eternal Love
Which leads home, soon or late.

I feel the presence of this love
About me all the way
I am not walking here alone;
In God's my hand I lay.

He cheers me when I falter most,
By tender words and sweet,
And trustfully I follow him
Although with bleeding feet.

What matter if the way is long?
A long way is the way of life
What matter if about my path
Earth's many sorrows come?
So with a faith that falters not,
I tread the toilsome way,
And wait my Father's own good time
To pass the gates of day.

Bowie,

The Knight of Chivalry;
OR,
WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE,
AUTHOR OF "ELEGANT EGERTON," "TIGER DICK,"
"A HARD CROWD," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU MUST NOT KNOW ME!"
"DODGE to one side! He cannot follow you.
Dodge to one side, I say!"

Led by the subtle fascination of this girl's pure beauty, in such marked contrast with that of the siren who had so perturbed his passionate nature, James Bowie had followed Miriam, to be at hand in her time of sore need.

With one terrified glance in his direction the girl did as he bade her, narrowly escaping the jaws that opened like a huge trap.

The clumsy monster turned, but a bold man stood between it and its prey, and thrust a cudgel into the yawning throat. The iron jaws closed upon it with a snap, crunching it to atoms, but the reptile recoiled painfully wounded.

Instantly Bowie turned, caught the terrified girl in his arms, and bounded away with her to a tree, where he set her in safety among the branches, and turned to meet the foe that was chasing him furiously.

As he had directed Miriam, he now sprung to one side, and as the alligator passed, leaped upon its back.

Taken thus at a disadvantage, the ungrateful monster sought to cast its bold rider, by rushing hither and thither, forward and backward, and by lashing its tail. But the scale armor of this weapon prevents its near approach to the back, and Bowie could crouch beneath its sweep and laugh at the vain attempts of the reptile to reach him.

Falling in every effort, the alligator would have plunged into the bayou, and in its own element, become master; but, catching up the girl, it was a handful of mud, Bowie plastered it over the creature's eyes, and the formidable monster stopped short, utterly helpless.

Dismounting from his strange steed, which now stood perfectly motionless, Bowie went to its head, and taking fair aim, discharged his pistol into one of its eyes, then leaped out of danger.

The dying convulsions of the monster were terrible, and under the lash of its tail the rank vegetation was torn as if by a whirlwind. It lasted but a moment, however, when death still-ed all.

And now he was the recipient of her thanks. And she was a famous hero-worshiper, with her clinging ways, her soft voice, and her clear, sparkling eyes.

The man whom a wild beast could not daunt was so embarrassed by the gratitude of this simple, pure-hearted girl that he almost hailed Sammy's unmeaning voice with a feeling of relief.

"What, ho! What, ho! What, ho! Hath jealous Fate torn my mistress from me? Yield her back, oh, ye dryads and satyrs!"

"Oh, Sammy!" cried Miriam, with a sudden smile of delight; and turning to her companion, added in her usual tone: "It is a friend who came with me."

"Hail! all hail, most sovereign lady! I thought—"

"Sammy, this gentleman has just saved my life!"

"Just done what?" asked the youth, staring blankly from one to the other.

"Just saved my life! I was attacked by an alligator! See—there it lies dead."

Sammy gazed at the dead reptile in white-lipped awe, then with deep emotion addressed Bowie:

"Sir, if it would repay you in any degree for what you have done, I would lay down my hands for you to walk upon!"

"Oh, Sammy! that is so like you!" murmured Miriam, resting her cheek against his arm and closing her tearful eyes to his face.

"That boy is my fool," reflected Bowie, recalling his introduction to him at the green-room door. "There was never more genuine pathos than in his looks and look now."

With a respect which a moment before he would not have thought possible, he grasped the youth's hand.

While James Bowie recovered his knife, which he had dropped in his novel ride, this dialogue passed rapidly between Miriam and Sammy.

"Do you suppose He would object to him?"

"What! the man who has just saved your life?"

"That was why I asked. That must make a difference."

"I should think so!"

"I want to ask him to lunch with us."

"Of course. Why not?"

The invitation was extended, and accepted more gladly than she knew.

In spite of herself, Miriam could not appear at ease, and to draw attention from her, Sammy brought forward his most extravagant conceits.

Through his fancy the snowy bread became ambrosia, the water nectar, and himself a male Hebe, the cup-bearer of the gods.



Leoline, the actress, tripping into the room, gazed in embarrassment from one excited face to the other.

It was after the repast was over that he made his most unlucky speech.

"Methinks, my lord, I have met thee before, when the Castle of the Lady Leoline was honored by thy presence."

"Yes," said Bowie, "and I have also had the honor of being of slight service to Miss Miriam on former occasion."

"To me!" exclaimed the girl.

"No longer ago than last night, before the St. Charles Hotel. Are you not the same?"

"And you are the gentleman who—"

The girl turned pale and seemed to shrink from him in affright.

"I beg your pardon for recalling an unpleasant occurrence," said Bowie, not a little chagrined at his *faux pas*.

"It is not that," said Miriam, evidently in great distress and perplexity; "but I cannot—Oh! how can I tell you, when I owe you so much! I did not know that you were the gentleman who protected me from insult. I did not see you then, so that I could not recognize you to-day. And now you will think me so ungrateful!"

"I beg that you will dismiss the whole subject from your thoughts—"

"But I must tell you. And, oh! indeed it is a matter over which I have no control! And you will not think me ungrateful!" cried the girl, taking his hand in hers and raising her tearful eyes appealingly to his face.

"No," said Bowie, gravely. "I will not think you ungrateful."

"Well, I must make a request which will seem strange to you, and yet I cannot explain. Our acquaintance must stop here and now, and you must not try to find out who I am, nor appear to know me, if we meet by accident. Oh! I know that you feel hurt."

"Go on," said Bowie, striving to conceal the pain which was far deeper than she imagined, because it sprung from a different source.

"And you must never speak of what has occurred to-day, nor must Sammy. Oh! will you forgive me? Indeed! indeed! I do appreciate all that I owe you, and the shameful return I am making—"

"Say no more, I beg of you. Of course your motives are correct. I do not seek to know them. You may rely on my discretion. And now, since my presence is painful to you, I will bid you good-by."

"Oh! how can I let you go like this?"

"I know what you feel, and that is sufficient for me. Good-bye."

He bowed and was gone.

"Why, what is it all about?" asked Sammy, as the girl sunk on the ground in tears.

"Sammy, father saw me on the street last night, returning from the delivery of work that had to be taken home. Before the St. Charles a man attempted to stop me, and Mr. Bowie pushed him aside. Father was furious about it. I thought he would curse me. He forbade me even to appear in the street again unattended, after dark, on any pretext whatever. He seemed extremely afraid that I should form the acquaintance of Mr. Bowie, though I assured him that I had not seen his face and should not know him if I were to meet him. But he persisted, and continued to follow me, if the gentleman ever caught me out, to have nothing to do with him. And now I have a more field to conquer in this direction. I shall have amassed wealth which will make me a veritable Monte-Cristo. Then I will go into the great money centers of the world, and take part in those operations around which is thrown a veil of legitimacy, though everybody knows they are but gambling by another name. Here, gray-headed old magnates, before whom all the world has bowed as demigods, will be but ripe grain before my sickle!"

"Ha! ha!—the world shall own me king!"

With tears streaming from her eyes, the girl put her arms about him, and with her head nestled against his breast and her eyes raised pleadingly to his, cried:

"Oh, father! father! stop!—do stop!"

"And you," he continued, not heeding her, but taking her face between his palms and gazing into it with eyes that blazed with excitement—"you shall be instrumental in this grand consummation! With your twenty dollars and that Calignay has promised me I shall have thirteen hundred! Is it not fate? *Thirteen hundred dollars!* Have you marked me?—the thirteen weeks of uninterrupted success on the part of the bank (gathering gold to swell my coffers)—my thirteen days of sequestration from the faro table—thirteen by the dice—and now (what I avoided speaking of a moment ago) *thirteen hundred dollars!* All in thirteens—an unlucky number; but the bank leads with its thirteens of luck, hence the number is unlucky for the bank—*LUCKY FOR ME!* Girl, get me the money!"

"Father, use what you have, if you will, but leave me the little sum that is to pay for our food to-morrow."

"No, that makes the sum complete. One defective link in the chain, and all might fail. Shall we risk the loss of millions for a paltry twenty dollars?"

"It is all that we have!"

"Peace! Get me the money at once—I command you!"

"She had never disobeyed him. With the prospect of being homeless and hungry on the morrow, she crossed the room on leaden feet, unlocked a drawer in the dresser, and handed her little purse.

Then she sunk into a chair with her head on the table, and burst into tears.

With greedy eyes the gambler counted over the little sum of money, and added it to his

"Oh! he is in one of his moods to-night!" reflected the girl, with quickening heart-beats.

To Sammy she whispered:

"Let me go alone. Here is the bouquet for Leoline. Good-night."

"I wish I could help you!" said the youth, wistfully.

"No! no! you cannot. Good-night!"

"Good-night."

Reluctantly he turned, after pressing her hand, and slowly went back down the steps.

Her heart swelling with grateful affection, the girl listened until his footsteps died away, then opened the door and entered her home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SLAVE OF A PASSION.

The Curate was pacing the room, striking his hands together excitedly, with flushed face and flashing eyes. Old age seemed to have fallen from him like a discarded mantle.

"Ah! these dingy walls—how I hate them!" he muttered. "They are stealing the beauty from your cheeks, like flowers blooming in the shade. Your home should and shall be hung with silken tapestry, carpeted with Indian rugs, and decorated with all that the world holds of beauty. Ah! Miriam, my darling, the night of sorrow and privation is past—the resplendent dawn of happiness and luxury is at hand."

If invoked by his impassioned apostrophe, the girl entered the room.

"What! tears!" cried the Curate, furiously indignant, "does the scurvy knave dare to question my ability and readiness to meet my household expenses? Must my daughter stand my surly? See! I could buy and sell a score of such rascals!"

And drawing a long pocket-book from his inner vest pocket, the Curate displayed before the astonished eyes of his daughter a package of bank bills that made her clasp her hands and cry.

"Oh, father!"

"That," cried the Curate, dramatically, "is but the seedling from which is to spring a colossus, fortune—such a fortune as the world has never seen!"

He pushed Miriam from his knee and arose, as he spread the money out on the table; then swelled with enthusiasm in contemplation of the vast operations he had marked out for the future, continued speaking with gestures, as if delivering an address.

"I may as well tell you all, now that success is so near at hand. Do you think that I shall be content with the million dollars, more or less, that I shall get out of this inheritance? No! every third man you meet on change has a million! I will not stop short of a money power that shall sway the destinies of nations!"

"With a million dollars at command I can and will crush every faro bank in America!"

By that time the world will ring with my name, and I shall have to assail the strongholds of Europe—Baden-Baden and the rest—*incognito*.

But they cannot and shall not escape!"

"When I have no more fields to conquer in this direction, I shall have amassed wealth which will make me a veritable Monte-Cristo. Then I will go into the great money centers of the world, and take part in those operations around which is thrown a veil of legitimacy, though everybody knows they are but gambling by another name. Here, gray-headed old magnates, before whom all the world has bowed as demigods, will be but ripe grain before my sickle!"

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"Oh, father! father! stop!—do stop!"

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"You shall be instrumental in this grand consummation! With your twenty dollars and that Calignay has promised me I shall have thirteen hundred! Is it not fate? *Thirteen hundred dollars!* Have you marked me?—the thirteen weeks of uninterrupted success on the part of the bank (gathering gold to swell my coffers)—my thirteen days of sequestration from the faro table—thirteen by the dice—and now (what I avoided speaking of a moment ago) *thirteen hundred dollars!* All in thirteens—an unlucky number; but the bank leads with its thirteens of luck, hence the number is unlucky for the bank—*LUCKY FOR ME!* Girl, get me the money!"

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"It is all that we have!"

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She had never disobeyed him. With the prospect of being homeless and hungry on the morrow, she crossed the room on leaden feet, unlocked a drawer in the dresser, and handed him her little purse.

Then

your premises, smitten by the hand of Divine Providence; and my business here, sir, is to effect a transfer to the bosom of this afflicted family. No doubt, sir, you will be glad to accommodate with me in the matter."

Jerry Camp received the lawyer's card, taking it gingerly between his finger and thumb by the cleanest-looking corner, glanced at it, ascertaining that Mr. Quirk had quoted it in *scriptum verbatim*, and placed it on the edge of the table, where it could not soil anything by contact.

We may remark in passing that, before leaving the spot, Ezreth Quirk, Esq., stealthily possessed himself of the card, to do service on future occasions.

"I will have a carriage called immediately, at my own expense," said the faro banker. "I am sorry that the occasion for it should have occurred. I thank you for relieving me from an embarrassing position."

With some difficulty the Curate was got into the landau which Jerry Camp procured for his accommodation.

Ezreth Quirk followed, waved his hand loftily to those who were left on the walk, saying: "Good-morning, gentlemen—good-morning!"

So they drove in the early morning to the humble lodgings of the man who had believed that to-day was to inaugurate the grandest financial career the world had ever witnessed.

Heavy-eyed with weeping and sleeplessness, Miriam answered Ezreth Quirk's knock.

The lawyer doffed his hat and bowed with his hand on his heart.

"My dear Miss Wингate," he said, "I hope that you will rise superior to the common weaknesses of your sex. A painful duty has devolved upon me. In the absence of my client, Mr. de Calignay, who is now out of town, I am acting as I know he would act."

Miriam's eyes began to distend with foreboding, and her lips fell apart, beginning to quiver.

"Madam," pursued the lawyer, "I beg that you will be calm. I assure you that there is no cause for anxiety. The case of the defendant (Madam) with a low bow of depreciation, 'you will surely pardon me, if my life vocation obtrudes itself occasionally into my speech!'

It was about to say that, although her father had been unfortunate a few days in the calm of the family circle, with the consolations which your affection will prompt, will restore him to his wonted equanimity."

"My father has failed!" gasped Miriam, paling with the consciousness of all that those few words portended.

"Let us hope that it will prove a grand success, if it cures him of—I beg your pardon!—shall I say—*his unfortunate passion?*"

"He has failed!" repeated the girl, in a scared tone.

"Ah! Where is he?" she gasped; and then, with a quavering cry: "Oh, father!"

"I beg that you will calm yourself. There is no occasion for alarm—not the least in the world. I came before to prepare you. We will fetch him up at once!"

The girl heard the words: "We will fetch him up," and with a sharp cry of desperation darted through the door and fled down the stairs at fast as her feet would carry her.

Seeing her father's recumbent posture in the landau, she inferred that he was dead, killed by the shock of failure, or hurried into the dread Hereafter by his own hand—the recourse of so many ruined gamblers!—and, with a shriek that startled the people whose vocations called them thus early into the street, she leaped into the carriage, clasped the loved form in her arms and fainted away.

Windows were thrown up on both sides of the street and heads thrust forth—some night-cap'd, more frowzy from lack of that covering.

Pedestrians stopped in their hurried walk and ran across the street; others came round the corners; until, with the surprising celerity with which crowds form in a populous city, the carriage surrounded by an excited throng, everybody asking every body else what was the matter, or volunteering theories derived from data which were common to all observers: man semi-unconscious and a girl wholly so lying together in a carriage.

At last father and daughter were got up-stairs, and the crowd dispersed.

Later, Ezreth Quirk, Esq., took his departure.

He expressed regret at his inability to serve her further, business engagements, which his duty to his own family—he was a poor man, with a family large in proportion, or, perhaps, disproportion—warned him must not be neglected.

She comprehended not a word that he uttered. So now she sat alone, overwhelmed.

The morning advanced. By and by there came a knock on her door.

She rose weary—poor thing! She was faint with hunger, though she knew it not, having eaten nothing since yesterday—closed her father's door as she passed through it, and opened the door.

She stood face to face with her landlord—more correctly, his agent—who bowed with an obsequious smile that turned her sick at heart!

The house-agent was a man of a little less than the ordinary stature, with flesh enough to make him weigh in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. Physically, he was a well-fed animal. Intellectually, he viewed every thing in its relation to his five senses, and valued it in just the degree to which it contributed to their gratification. If he had any moral sense, it never operated as a check upon his actions. His conscience was circumscribed by the statutory law.

His head, his restless little eyes, his heavy lips, showed cunning, cruelty, grossness. He put his hat under his arm while bowing, and entered the room rubbing his hands and still nodding his head at each step, the fawning smile on his lips, which instantly faded as she paused in embarrassment and gazed from one excited face to the other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 469.)

seems to me that you said something about some work that you could rely on."

"Yes."

"You didn't get paid as you expected, I suppose?"

"Yes, I was paid," said the girl, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.

"Then you got the money? How did it happen that you did not save it for me?"

The girl wrung her hands and writhed in agony of embarrassment. She could not cast the blame on her father. Yet how otherwise could she explain?

"I cannot tell you," she replied; "but indeed I fully intended to pay you. And I will get work, and let you have the money as soon as possible."

The house-agent knit his brows and tapped his foot on the carpet.

"Hum! It is a week overdue, and there is no definite prospect—?"

"I will do the best I can. If you will trust me, I will not fail you again."

"You see, my principal is a hard man—very hard man indeed. And I have little or no discretionary power. Only last week he compelled me to sell out a poor family. My heart bled for them. Ah! I have no idea what became of them."

The girl clasped her hands together and quivered from head to foot, gazing at the speaker with terror-distressed eyes.

"I could wait on you last week," pursued Gross, "only because my report was not to be rendered until to-morrow. The account must straighten then, or I will receive instructions to proceed against you at once."

A shiver ran through the girl's frame.

"But I can't do that," continued the house-agent. "I'd rather pay the rent out of my own pocket."

"Oh! I can't have you do that!" cried Miriam, quickly.

Instinctively she shrunk from placing herself under personal obligations to this man.

"There is no other way, my dear. It is a shame that you should have to work so hard—one so young and beautiful as you. See here! I will take this burden off your shoulders. Ha! ha! You didn't look for fatherly benevolence from an old fellow like me? But, bless ye! I've got a soft corner in my heart. Eh, my pet?"

While speaking he caught her by the wrist and pulled her round to him, smiling like a death-head.

Gwendolen opened wide her eyes. A strange, starting suspicion flashed upon her mind.

"Why did she go there?"

"It was a sudden whim, and took us all by surprise. She said she wished to get away quite by herself for a time."

"The house must be a lonesome one, judging from its name."

"It is," Gross answered, warily, as if the subject held very little interest for him.

"Situated on an inhospitable coast, with no other habitation in sight, it could not well be otherwise. I wonder if Berenice could be persuaded to take up her abode there, especially at this season of the year."

"Does she expect to remain some weeks?"

"That is a question she had not decided when she went away."

Gwendolen turned to go. Her heart was beating.

The suspicion that had flashed so suddenly upon her mind was strengthened into something like conviction. She had heard enough from Lenore to feel assured that Berenice was the girl's enemy. Had she taken some sudden step to defraud the poor soul forever of her rights as the wife of Ross?

A few agitated words that the young man uttered at parting seemed to answer the question entirely.

"Of course you are aware that Miss Dunreath and I were more than mere friends at one period of our lives. That fact came out at the examination, though Lenore had probably confided so much of her history to you already. I need not tell you how deeply I loved her," and his voice sounded curiously like as uttered these words. "She proved unworthy—I have tried to forget her, honestly tried! But it is the hardest task I ever undertook. My heart has yearned toward her strange during the season of bitter trouble. I have had no time to have made an earnest effort to reclaim her for Berenice's persuasions. My sister has put forth every exertion to keep me back—I now see that she was right—Lenore has given up all that is good and true, and gone back to those who will lead her into the great depths of evil."

He dropped Gwendolen's hand, which he had held in his fevered clasp while speaking, and walked away abruptly before she could interpose.

A good deal bewildered by his strange words, not more than half of which were comprehensible to her mind, she hurried from the house. But, on the way out she took time to make careful inquiries of a servant she met as to the exact location of the house called Dismal Hollow. These were all answered to her satisfaction.

"It may be that I wrong Miss St. Clair by cherishing suspicion, but I can't help feeling that there is some connection between her abrupt departure and the darling Lenore's disappearance," thought the quick-witted girl. "My mother will be here to-morrow, I am sure."

"Come here," she said, abruptly. "How much does my guardian give you for acting as my jailer?"

"Fifty dollars, ma'am," came the straightforward answer.

"Is that all? I will double the sum if you promise to serve me while pretending to serve him."

"Ann's face took on a sudden flush. Greed was the strongest passion of her nature.

"What can I do, ma'am?" she asked, in a suppressed whisper.

"That will depend upon the nature of the emergency. Can I trust you?"

"Ann shook her head doubtfully.

"Wait a little, ma'am. I am not prepared to say what I will do, or what I won't. Give me time to think it over."

loss how to continue. Gwendolen helped him out of the difficulty in her straightforward way.

"You have something more to say to me; what is it?"

Major Pascal wheeled slowly round.

"You are right—my real purpose in seeking this interview remains to be disclosed. Gwendolen, my dear child, I am more considerate for you than you are for yourself. I have decided to save you from the consequences of your own headstrong passions."

Gwendolen felt her cheeks blanch. "I do not understand you," she simply said.

"I left to your own devices, you would throw yourself away upon that fortune-hunter, Robert Merton. It must not be permitted, I, your guardian, say it shall not be!"

"How are you to prevent it?" asked Gwendolen.

"By giving you to my son, who is wholly devoted to you, as his wife."

"You have scarcely the power to do that."

A dark smile of triumph curled the major's lips.

"Do not delude yourself, my fair ward. At the present moment my power is unlimited. Shall I tell you why? You are here alone in this house with only myself and Valentine, and two or three trusty servants who are pledged to our interests."

Gwendolen started. Her guardian's sudden whim in sending away the greater number of the domestics was clear enough to her mind now. She laid a trembling hand on the back of the chair from which she had risen, saying, in a low voice:

"I may be at your mercy, as you assert. But I still do not think you will attempt coercion."

"Then you have mistaken me, and it is time we understood each other better," said the villain, his face growing blacker at every word.

"If I employ harsh means to break your obstinate will, it is because you leave me no other resource. You will not pass these hours until you go forth with the bride in a son."

Gwendolen rose, looking flushed and angry.

"Can I see Miss St. Clair?" she abruptly demanded.

"My sister has left Greenmont for the present. She went away last night."

"Where?"

"To a funny old house on the sea-shore that she inherited from my mother. It is called Dismal Hollow."

Gwendolen opened wide her eyes. A strange, starting suspicion flashed upon her mind.

"Why did she go there?"

"It was a sudden whim, and took us all by surprise. She said she wished to get away quite by herself for a time."

"The house must be a lonesome one, judging from its name."

"It is," Gross answered, warily, as if the subject held very little interest for him.

"Sit you ready, my lady. There's my order. There's nobody else to do it."

"Did my maid leave with the other servants?"

"She did, ma'am."

"How long have you been here?"

"Two hours—not longer, ma'am."

"That will do. You may go, now. I have nothing for you to do."

The woman dropped a courtesy and withdrew. Gwendolen sat on a dull, aching pain, a sense of foreboding struggling together in her heart. It was more for Lenore than herself that she feared. What would the poor child do, deprived of her only friend?

The next day the young woman, whose name was Ann Hawkins, brought Gwendolen a note from Valentine. It was very brief, containing only these words:

"I trust you will forgive me my share in this wretched business. I consented to it under protest. My father has made up his mind that you shall not be permitted to leave him if you stay away from him. He has given up all that is mine to you. When you are once my wife you will think better of us all."

Gwendolen was tearing the paper in pieces, when she observed that Ann's eyes were bent upon her in a very singular expression.

"Come here," she said, abruptly. "How much does my guardian give you for acting as my jailer?"

"Fifty dollars, ma'am," came the straightforward answer.

"Is that all? I will double the sum if you promise to serve me while pretending to serve him."

Ann's face took on a sudden flush. Greed was the strongest passion of her nature.

"What can I do, ma'am?" she asked, in a suppressed whisper.

"That will depend upon the nature of the emergency. Can I trust you?"

"Ann shook her head doubtfully.

"Wait a little, ma'am. I am not prepared to say what I will do, or what I won't. Give me time to think it over."

Ann's face was pale as death. She had turned white as a sheet.

"I hope you will be ready when the hour arrives."

The major heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"I hope the minx isn't playing any of her tricks," he muttered, as he moved away. "She's full of them as any monkey. One never knows what to expect."

The instant he was gone Ann ran back, and pulled Gwendolen out of the closet with scant ceremony.

"Now's your time," she whispered. "Go directly to the stables for your horse. And don't stop to look behind you or you are lost!"

A moment more and they stood at a side door quite remote from the front of the house. Ann carried a key, which she deftly fitted, and the bolt shot back like lightning. The cold night

"We wait for you, Gwendolen," he said, approaching, and drawing her arm within his. "I am rejoiced to find you so obedient, my dear. Believe me, you will never regret giving yourself to my son."

There was no reply. Wondering at her silence and submission, and yet half afraid to break the spell that seemed to have fallen upon her, the major hurried his companion down the gloomy staircase. Valentine stood in the lower hall, waiting to receive his wife.

"My darling," he whispered, taking her hand in his burning clasp. "After your coyness and resistance, you are to be mine at last! I am very happy even to thank you for this concession."

The clergyman stood at the far end of the drawing-room. None of the chandeliers were lighted, a single lamp burned on the inlaid table at the man's elbow, and this was the only attempt at illumination. Very grateful indeed felt Amd for the obscurity in which father and son attempted to clothe their evil deeds.

The ceremony began. Not far had it proceeded before Major Pascal began to fidget and stare. Could that be the graceful figure of his ward? Why did she wear her veil so singularly? It quite covered her face.

He stepped a little nearer, breaking out in a cold perspiration. "Stop!" he shouted, suddenly. "There is some deception here. I'm sure of it."

The next instant he had torn off the veil, revealing the half-frightened but thoroughly-insolent features of Ann Hawkins. None too soon. A few words more and she would have been Valentine's wife, legally bound to him.

A wild scene ensued. The infatuated major, and the disappointed bridegroom, rushed upstairs to Gwendolen's chamber only to find that she had escaped. It was useless to call to themselves; she was gone, leaving no clue by which to trace her flight.

By the time they had thoroughly searched the house, Ann Hawkins was also missing. She had taken away all her possessions, it was discovered, and also the wedding-dress.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

MARY AND HER BOW.

Of archery was Mary fond.

And often with her beau—

Who never had an arrow in mind—

Unto the world he goes;

Where happy the day's past,

Of a friendly critic's smile,

While John winks with frequent sigh,

That they were joined for life.

For every time that Mary's shaft

Would through the bull's-eye dart,

With feeble sigh would John reveal

The shaft shot through his heart.

But Mary, with as arch a look

As still bent her bow, without a thought

What then her beau was bent.

She heeded not his quivering glance,

Like lightning in the dark;

But from her quiver drew a shaft,

Which glanced far from its mark.

Al, Mary, thou dissembling Miss,

That little miss of thine

A tale did tell more easy read

Than one of detail fine.

It told of Love's all-kindling glow,

It told of keener dart

From Cupid's bow than ever pierced

The heart of stricken hart.

And Mary, with thy play coquette,

Thy saucy ringlets toss,

Quit toying with thy good cross-bow,

Nor make thy fond beau cross.

For rock st not the sea of life

She's not the sea of death,

So hearts cast off by fickle hands;

Oh, shut not Love's best state.

Too fast, the bow will surely break,

Or slackened be the cord.

Her heart was in accord with his,

Love taught in silent word.

"Your love, dear John, I'll e'er hold dear—

Deserve it if I can—

My aim in life shall be to please

So amiable a man."

And then her lips—ah, cherry ripe—

She offered him to kiss;

Said he: "Of all my pleasant days,

I never was dazed like this."

"So long has been my breast the mark

For every wandering doubt,

That your remark my senses sent

At once to scattered rout.

"In Eastern lands, the dread bostwing

Ends many a wretch's fate;

But were not for thy bostwing, love,

Our hearts might never mate."

And thus may every loving pair,

Secure from this apart,

By Cupid's arrow smitten be,

And skewered through the heart.

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Merle, the Mutineer;

OR,

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SUB-
ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY,"
"THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-
TAN ROVER," "THE PIRATE
PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NEPTUNE AND THE SEA.

The scene of the grand *bal masque*, held the last night of Carnival, was the *Hôtel Sainte Louis*, a magnificent edifice, combining an exchange, hotel, bank, and ball-saloon with their amanuens.

It was the hour of the *Salon de la Rue St. Louis*, and, as early as eight o'clock, the carriages of the aristocracy began to arrive and deposit their human freight—all en *masque*.

At nine o'clock a *coupé* dashed up to the door, and a single occupant stepped forth, the costume which he wore being a *pirate*, with a red skull and cross-bones, and his face by a mask of silk of the color of death.

Ascending the broad stairway, he gave his gilded-edged ticket to a lieutenant of *gendarmerie*, appointed to receive them and passed into the anteroom for swords and sabres, where a *gendarmerie* received his arms, a pair of hand-cuffed sabres, and a short sword, for gentlemen who were not allowed to enter the *salon* armed, under a heavy penalty.

Throwing aside his dominie he appeared as the impersonator of Neptune, and his perfect costume was the addition of a plumed hat, a sword, and a plumed plumed, gazing upon the life and magnificence, with the murmur of voices rising like distant thunder, the regular tread of dancing feet, and the crash of music.

Then he began to thread his way through the gay throng, his eye searching right and left for some object, while he was himself the cynosure of all whom he passed near.

Piercing into the alcoves which lined the walls, a little raised from the floor, he gave a searching glance at every costume. Whoever he sought he found.

Presently he started. Before him stood four persons in a group, and evidently of the same party and known to each other.

There were two gentlemen and two ladies, one of the former in the full uniform of a captain of the United States navy, and his face securely masked; the other in plain evening dress, yet also wearing a mask.

The lady who hung on the arm of the officer had

already won the name of the belle of the *bal masque*, from the exquisite beauty of her costume, and the rare loveliness of her person.

She represented "The Sea," and her dress was formed of the most costly green velvet, silk and satin woven together so as to look like the deep green waters, while it was capped with lace, worn a small tortoise shell. *Salon de la Rue St. Louis*.

The train extended far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The fourth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The fifth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The sixth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The seventh person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The eighth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The ninth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The tenth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The eleventh person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The twelfth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The thirteenth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The fourteenth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The fifteenth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of pale-green, and of the same lace, too, bordered and decorated with large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver net-work.

The sixteenth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

Merle stepped far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of



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Well-known Men and Women.

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Sunshine Papers.

How to Keep Him.

II.

BUT how to keep him?—Ah! that is quite another question! But it can be done, my dear, unless you are really the most disagreeable person in the world—and was ever a woman!

As soon as you have caught (I detest that word, but it is so applicable to the way a great many girls get the dear, desired creature) a bean, do not flatter yourself that, because the young man walks home with you from church, and drops in to see you quite regularly Wednesday evenings, he is incurably in love with you, and already is meditating the most graceful manner and enticing words wherewith to make known his desire to have you for a wife. Bless you, men are not quite such idiots as young women like to believe them! The cases are very rare where they actually love a woman “at first sight,” or even second sight! And if you make the mistake of thinking a gentleman extremely in love with you, when he first commences to pay you little attentions, and that your aim in life—to secure a husband

—is attained, you will soon find yourself a sadly disappointed maiden.

The special attentions of gentlemen to ladies often commence in the most trivial manner—a desire to pique some other lady, the necessity of doing a favor, idleness, a hundred varied and unimportant whims. One marriage of which I know, was the result of a lady's insulting indifference to a new acquaintance. The gentleman was introduced to her while she was engaged in grouping flowers for a fair, and purchasing a bouquet, upon the arrangement of which she particularly felicitated herself, presented it to her. Probably their acquaintance would have ended then and there had not been discovered, that evening, that she had sold the bouquet, in utter forgetfulness that it had been a gift to herself. Piqued by a feminine indifference to which he was unaccustomed, he could not forget the girl; and, a few months later, embraced an opportunity to meet her, again, under circumstances that rendered it necessary for him to act as her escort from a friend's home to her own. Her liveliness pleased him, but again he was chagrined by her unfaltering regard of himself, and incited to further acquaintance. In trying to conquer the lady's indifference he came to love her passionately, court her assiduously, and, finally, to enter into a most happy and desirable marriage with her.

Scenes, now, hundreds of weddings have been the results of as unpropitious commencements acquaintances. So that while a gentleman's attentions to a lady do not necessarily, or even usually, at the first, augur marriage, it remains with the lady to deepen her beau's admiration or liking into friendship, and friendship into real love. But she cannot do this, note you, by acting from the beginning of their acquaintance either as if she cared greatly for him, or believed he cared much for her. As soon as his lordship discovers that you are anxious for his company, or regard him with attachment, while he will, doubtless, feel something flattered and elated, all the spice and delicious uncertainty will have vanished from his desire to cultivate your acquaintance, leaving him with a real indifference or contempt for you and an unwillingness to any closer intimacy. Men do not value that which is easily attainable.

“Thus it is over all the earth! That which we call the fairest, And prize for its surpassing worth, Is always rarest.”

There is a fascination about uncertainty, and that which is hardly won, which precipitates men into the greatest zeal and ardor. While from the girl who is plainly anxious for a lover, they turn as contemptuously as from the over-ripe pear that drops into the hand the moment it is uplifted to the bough, in hope of grasping the golden beauty that swings tantalizingly among the highest foliage.

Then, young ladies, see to it that what your feelings may be for the man who has commenced to pay attentions to you, you keep them well guarded from his critical and fastidious eyes. Treat him cordially; but no more cordially than if he was Thos. Jones, or John Brown. Thank him graciously for any special favor or attention he shows you, but no more warmly than if you were accustomed to receiving the same kindness from half a dozen other gallant cavaliers. Extend him pleasant invitations to visit your home, but do not be over-solicitous; and express neither regret nor surprise when he does not come. If you have occasion to ask him to act as your escort to some place, do not state the case as if you were the one to be greatly obliged by his going, but as if it was showing him a very pleasant favor to ask him, and you were quite ready to provide yourself with another protector in case he preferred to be excused. If you find that he is extremely fond of some one of your accomplishments, dancing, singing, instrumental performances, do not suffice him with it. Play, or sing, or dance your very best, but not always for him, nor even too often for him. Arouse in him not only a desire for your society, but a respect for your own individual character and charms. Remember that while excessive prudery is disgusting on the one hand, too little formality is quite as much to be censured on the other.

Never act toward a gentleman to whom you are not betrothed as if you were jealous of him, or considered that you had especial claims upon his time and attentions, or were very desirous to have such. If he treats you cavalierly, however much his act may hurt you, do not parade your grief; but show good-humored indifference, or pleasant retaliation. And, under no circumstances, allow a suitor to claim or assert the privileges of a lover, until he has thus declared himself, to the perfect understanding of yourself and your parents.

In brief—be as natural, as honest, as charming, as sensible, as entertaining as possible, toward any gentleman for whose friendship you really care. But, keep always in mind that girls who openly express or evince a desire for beaux, and to get married, are the ones whom men ridicule and whose intimate acquaintance they are least likely to cultivate.

Men often affect to love, but seldom truly do, where genuine respect does not walk hand-in-hand with admiration and liking. And remember again that it is with love as with all other ends for which masculinity strives—the more unattainable its object appears the more infatuated will the lover be to win and make it his own!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SERVANTS.

THE other day I came across a picture in an English publication, representing a very elegant woman, who was in the act of having her hair dressed by a very pretty, but care-worn-looking maid, while a child is seated upon an ottoman fondling a dog. By some lines underneath the picture, it seems that the little miss is asking her mother if she doesn't think “Fido” is bad better be vaccinated. The mother exclaims, “What nonsense! They only vaccinate human beings!” To which the child adds: “Why Madame F. has had all her servants vaccinated!” I cannot censure the child—that is the mother's place—because the girl is only repeating what she has heard; but I do censure the mother for allowing her child to associate servants and dogs in her mind as equals. May be it is because the child has seen these servants treated so unlike human beings that she has come to consider they really are not such—that her Fido, indeed, is superior to the maid. It is sometimes perfectly painful to listen to a recital of a housekeeper's troubles with her servants—and I don't doubt but servants are faulty; but, does the fault lie wholly with them? Are mistresses perfect, and do they, themselves, know what they do want or how the work should be done? It seems to me it would be better if housekeepers took more interest in the affairs of the kitchen and chamber. Is it not a waste of time to tell over one's grievances and troubles concerning the shortcom-

ings of servants? Wouldn't the time be better employed to help, encourage and instruct those who try to do your work in your ways?—in fact, to treat them like human beings!

I know several families who have had servants in their employ for fifteen or twenty years and it is because they are, and have been, well treated. “Those servants must have been exceptionally good from the start.” No, they were not; they were quite *verdant*, but they strove hard to work well, they were not scolded, pecked at and found fault with when their work did not satisfy; they were encouraged and instructed to do better. When their work was worthy of commendation they received their share of praise.

Some stupid, mean-minded people imagine that it spoils servants to praise them—makes them vain. To withhold that praise is worse, for it will make them less anxious to please, and to scold them all the time is to dispirit them. I never found one individual yet who enjoyed a good scolding. Did you?

But, some people love to scold; they take a real and decided pleasure in it; it comes like a second nature to them. Some school-teachers fall into this error, and that is why children hate them, and dread school-hours. Were teachers to strive to interest their pupils in them and in their studies, instead of *scolding* knowledge into dull brains, it would be “pay.” If children were treated like human beings then they wouldn't be hectored and rail-ed at like dogs.

Governesses are poorly paid, compelled to work hard, and the little they earn is grudgingly doled out to them as though it were a charity aims giving and not what one has labored for. If children don't or won't learn, the governess is unfit for her situation—it is all *her* fault, and she is taken to task for what is *not* her shortcoming; she is treated unfeeling—harshly, where sympathy and pity ought to be hers. Such usage of an intelligent, refined woman is simply brutal—inhuman.

Let us put ourselves in the places of those whose labor we seek and see if we would desire to be treated either as inferiors, or dependents, or fools, or rogues—for it is few servants indeed who are not, at times, relegated to one of these conditions. We are all, in a measure, a “servant” to someone. We are all dependent upon some one higher in station than ourselves for our support. It is not good, nor wise, nor sensible, nor safe of us to have too high an opinion of our exalted selves; somebody might place a mirror before us that would reflect what we really are!

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Meteoro-logy of March.

It does not strain my modesty very much to announce that Old Probabilities will soon have to resign in favor of Old Possibilities, which is my given name at present, because I am as weather-wise as a weather-vain itself. I can predict the weather a long ways ahead, and have achieved signal success without the aid of the signal service, or the Freedmen's Bureau.

As soon as an appropriation is made by the present Congress I intend to go to Washington, the City of Magnificent Appropriations, and take my prophetic stand on top of the White House and arrange the weather daily for all parts of the United States.

My weather bulletin for March is just out and here it is:

MARCH BULLETIN FOR THE U. S.

1st. Sun rises too early for most people. This day March will have a bad, strong breath, and she will be blowing around considerably. Wind ground to exceeding sharpness, with two edges, and going faster than if it was shot off of a shot-gun. Plenty of signs of no rain. Storm signals (a mop) will be displayed in a good many home harbors. Thermometer will be down to twelve o'clock in the shade. Yeast rising gradually. Barometer up to three-fifths, with a little sugar. Moon won't rise, because the night will be too dark and the gas bad.

2d. Wind up 15 degrees and hourly rising, taking a few bald-headed hats with it. Direction of wind, from both points of the compasses (better to break off points of compasses). Barometer up to zwei glass. Velocity of wind, so fast you can't see it. Heaviest fall of snow of the season—off a roof in Broadway, so the fellows who will be dug out will observe. Very cloudy around the North Pole. Thermometer leaking. Hope for better weather in the temperate circle, and also in the fourth season.

3d. Zephyrs, breezes, winds, gales and tornados all mixed up in a lump and on the go as if they had got frightened at something. Speed: six chimneys a minute. Wind so strong the earth is blown around twice as fast as usual; day, as a consequence, only 12 hours long. Thermometer down—blown off the wall. Clouds all blown up to pieces. Several humble husbands blown up. People's words carried unbroken over into neighboring towns, so be careful how you and your wife jay each other. Barometer up to the second story.

4th. Weather exceedingly active. Wind will start off without waiting for breakfast. An unsuccessful air-brake will be tried on the wind by a celebrated inventor. You will imagine that there soon will be no more wind in the month. Heavy fall of icicles along the streets. Thermometer takes its first degree above zero.

5th. Some more wind. The South donating the same or sending it back. Thermometer up to par. Warmer. General direction of wind will be down the chimneys. Clear, with rain. Hail, Columbia, as large as potatoes. Congressman from Julip will introduce a bill to destroy every windmill and bellows in the land. Terrific occasional squalls—in the nursery.

6th. The atmosphere will be on a lively tramp, going arm in arm with a heavy rain, which will stumble and fall right along, at the rate of sixty miles an hour and no stations. Wind will be six inches to the foot—your foot. The day will be thirty hours long because the bad roads which Time will have to travel in.

7th. This day will begin at 12 A. M., and be 24 hours long, and 93,000,000 miles deep. Look out for doors for wind. Good time to store wind away for summer use. If you have any difficulty with your wife, just keep quiet, and it will be likely to blow over. Thermometer stationary, but mercury going up.

8th. No use of people getting out of breath to-day, since so much of it will be around loose. Weather will be as fine as a day in January. Frosty—especially in toes.

9th. Wind going nowhere as fast as it can, and asking no questions, and likely to blow out the light of the sun. Heavy showers of cats and dogs from adjacent towns.

10th, 11th and 12th. Refreshing breezes which blow everybody good. Equal-knocks you-all storms prevailing. Cautionary signals

will be displayed during these days in all the harbors of the Erie canal.

13th and 14th. Windless as a tenant's well. It has to stop during these days to rest and catch breath. Thermometer forty degrees north latitude. Very calm in many houses. Handkerchief signals will be displayed on the streets. Look out of the window for rain at night.

15th. Winds very high—2 dollars a barrel. Thermometers low; to 6 1/4 cents apiece. Look for bad colds. Rheumatism blowing down street, dodge around the corner. Expect your country relations this day. Frosted cake and ears.

16th. Wind, calm, rain, drouth, heat and cold all at once—a terrible mixture. Look out for pneumonia and ammonia. Thermometer goes down and up so fast that you can't see it at all.

17th to 20th. Sleet, with wind in it. Streets will be so sleek that the wind slips along at 100 miles an hour with greatest ease. Slope, slip, slop, kerslap! Humanity on a common level. Many a slip between the foot and the hip. Feet up, heads down. Debtors slip off. Every two men on street a pair of slippers. Shivers, shakery! Bad colds in your head; go out into the wind to get your nose blown.

21st to 25th. Wind gives a free blow every day alike. Clear but cloudy. Get into a comatose state and look out for comets. Eclipse of sun delayed on account of the weather. Jupiter skips and skylarks about Venus and gets a black eye. The moon will be the evening star, by special arrangement with the manager of the man in it. Thermometers climbing up the spout. Sunshine of a bad quality. Threats of cutting off the sun entirely and giving the lighting contract to Edison.

26th. A windsome day. People begin to think that March is the worst winter month. Muffle up your ague warmly and hang it by the stove. Water-pipes begin to thaw out, too. Nerves in teeth begin to thaw out, too, and get lively. Great rain, accompanied by clouds.

27th. Great activity in oxygen outdoors. Gale breaks loose. Momentum very momentous. Pressure, ten pounds to the square foot, fifty pounds to the square head. Frequent showers of old boots and cans from adjacent towns. Rain sliding down on the wind. Thermometer stationary, if nailed to the wall.

28th. The wind bloweth where it listeth; it climbs up big trees and breaks whole limbs off. Wind is a regular blow-hard, with signs of more wind.

29th and 30th. Wind up four miles high and still a-rising. Weather all blows out of these days.

31st. This day will be blown entirely out of the month of March.

A. H. D. (Fanueil Hall, Boston.) We cannot tell you where to find the poem, nor who wrote it. But we will give the lines you quote.

“And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,

With its thousand brilliant phases,

In a house of dust, 'neath a coffin-lid,

And if any of our readers know who they are, and where they may be found, we hope they will do so.

F. R. B. In stock operations, the buyer is expected to, in authorizing a purchase, to deposit with his broker 5 per cent. on the par value of the order given. This stock is then held as its own collateral. If stock recedes from its purchased cost, the buyer is liable to his broker for the difference. Interest is charged by the broker on par value of the stock so long as he holds it; and, as broker charges a commission, both for buying and selling, and interest on stock carried, he makes a sure good out of every customer, who, in the end, is quite sure to be paid.

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PENDELICE.

A LOVE IDYL.

BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but, when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."—SOLOMON.

PROLOGUE.

PENA.

Oh, love unrequited! it biteth like an adder;
All loves lie buried in their graves;
The music of the pulses of the heart is sadder
Than the music of the sad sea waves.

When love once won seems slowly to languish
Ever sweetness of life is gone;
And the pain attending death is less than the
anguish.

From the love that is lost when won.

THEME.

PENA-DELICIE.

He thought that he had lost his love,
And, losing her, he had lost
The light of life, the bright host,
The music of the winds and birds,
The bloom and fragrance of the flowers;
Oh! ne'er can be expressed in words
His misery all the weary hours.

At length a tiny letter came,
Love-filled, as goblet to the brim;
And, as he read his darling's name
The world again was bright to him;
Out burst the tears, his eyes furled;
The clouds their gloomy pinions furled;

For thus she said: "My dearest one,
I love you best in all the world."
She called him—other names above—
Such names as love alone bestows:
"My darling," "My only love,"
And sweetest titles—"neath the rose.
And—Heaven blessings on her send!"
He tears the letter from his hands—
She signed her letter, at the end,
"Your faithful, true and loving one."

In daily beauty shines the spring,
His heart's gladness feels again;
Birds a joyous carol sing,
With winds and waters in refrain.
The flowers have rarer, sweeter bloom,
And all is fair below, above;
And light and beauty and perfume
Blend with his happy dreams of love.

EPILOGUE.

DELICIE.

Glowing cheeks and dainty lips,
How his heart grows stronger,
As her rosy finger-tips,
Are upon his cheek!

While, through golden hair that is
Of the sunset's splendor,
Sweet blue eyes send into his
Glares soft and tender.

Fushing cheeks and loving eyes
Give a cordial greeting,
While their hearts, in glad surprise,
On their lips are meeting.

Then, in a joyous, happy night,
Or golden treasure;

Love alone has full delight,
Rapture beyond measure.

Little Queen Bess.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It wasn't much wonder that Bessie Kennedy felt her heart thumping away like an animated trip-hammer, as she stood in Judge Thurston's office, shyly and timidly bearing the burden of the keen, piercing glances that gentleman be stowed upon her.

Now it was any wonder at all that Judge Thurston bestowed such keen, piercing glances upon her, for a prettier, more charming piece of girlish prettiness had not come under the Judge's supervision for many a long day, and he was a connoisseur in feminine beauty and an ardently devoted admirer of it—especially when they came up to his standard.

And this timid, graceful little lady came exactly up to his standard, with her brown eyes the color of polished gold bronze, and the shiny hair satiny and tinted to the hue of a ripe chestnut, with the varying, sensitive color coming and going in her cheeks like pink shadows on delicate snow-drifts, with her sweet, womanly mouth and chin, the one red as strawberries, and proud-and-cute and firm; the other dimpled and round.

She had been sitting in the outer reception-room nearly an hour, awaiting her turn for an interview with the august gentleman of the Bar, and had at last been ushered into the holy of holies, to find it a large, elegantly-furnished room, with velvet carpeting and flaming damask curtains, amber-velvet upholstery, pictures and statuettes, books and flowers in profusion. And first Judge Thurston a tall, commanding, handsome elder gentleman, with heavy gray beard and hair, and stern, piercing, yet kindly eyes that looked intently at her, and then softly, as he addressed her:

"I think you are the young lady I was expecting. Glad to see you. What is it I can do for you? Take a chair, please."

Bessie took the chair he wheeled toward her, her poor little heart thumping fiercely, and she hating herself so, because she was so silly, and making desperate efforts to recover her usual ease and indepen-

"I was to call, sir, this morning to learn what my prospects are."

Judge Thurston settled comfortably back in his revolving arm-chair, balanced a pen between his fingers, and proceeded to the business on hand.

"Exactly. First, if you please, your name."

"I am Bessie Kennedy."

"And age? Pardon me, but you seem so young to undertake the responsibilities of the position I have to offer you."

She looked earnestly at him, her lovely dark eyes so wistful and yearning.

"I am nearly eighteen—very nearly eighteen, and I am not at all delicate or weak—if you mean you think I could not undertake the position on that account."

A little amused smile crept under the gentleman's mustache.

"I must confess I fear you are ignorant of the duties of the position, Miss Kennedy. In the first place, the children, although there are not very many of them, are quite unruly, and require a strong, discreet hand to manage them."

Bessie brightened, and almost interrupted him, eagerly:

"I do so love, children, sir! And—children nearly always mind me."

"And love you—naturally, he continued, with a gallantry that brought the sensitive rosy tide to her face.

"We will consider that difficulty overcome, then, Miss Kennedy. Next, you are competent to take entire charge of everything? Of course, with assistants under your exclusive direction?"

Bessie felt just a little bewildered, for she had no idea the much-coveted school in Brierwood, to which she was applying, was of such high grade as to require more than one teacher. But she knew no reason why she was not competent to fill the place of head teacher, and so there was a sparkle of resolve and consciousness in her eyes when she answered:

"I think I can suit, sir. At any rate, I will do my very best."

"None of us can ask more or do more, than one's best, Miss Kennedy. Now about the—salary. It is fair—fifty dollars a month, and of course, board included, and—"

"Oh, then I am not to live at home?"

At turn, Judge Thurston looked inquiringly.

"At home? Pardon me, but I cannot understand how that would be possible, Miss Kennedy. Your duties as my housekeeper, would certainly not permit—"

Bessie jumped to her feet, her face paling and flushing vividly.

"Your housekeeper?"

And Judge Thurston thought he never had

seen such a sweet, startled face before, as he answered, smilingly, but rather astonishedly because of Bessie's astonishment:

"My housekeeper, Miss Kennedy, certainly, and although I will admit I had expected a much older—different lady to overlook my house and children, I must say I have changed my mind since I have seen the candidate my friend Mrs. Mary selected and sent me."

Bessie's face flushed still more rosily, and there were quite decided suspicions of angry mortified tears gathering in the bonny brown eyes.

"But there is a stupid mistake somewhere, Judge Thurston! Mrs. Mary did not send me here—I never heard of such a person. I came to apply for the vacancy in the Hill Dell school!"

An expression, which for utter blankness, had never before in his judicial career been seen on Judge Thurston's face, took sudden possession of it, while Bessie stood irresolutely by the chair she had vacated, uncertain whether her best course were to run, or laugh, or cry, or rave.

Until the gentleman came to the rescue, his blue eyes overflowing with amusement.

"As you say, there has been a blunder, for which please pardon me. Now, Miss Kennedy, suppose we begin over again?"

So began over again, and in less than fifteen minutes Judge Thurston had written with his own august hand a letter of such commendatory character, concerning Bessie, and she was taking her leave, her sweet face all aflush with the delight and excitement of the whole affair, and her eyes shining like brown diamonds, when the next aspirant for the honor of a private interview with the judge was announced—a tall, stout, sensible, plain-looking woman, as much like dainty Bess as a lily of the valley is like a flaming hollyhock—who stated her business very promptly and plainly.

"I'm from San Isidro, Mary, your honor, and would like the place in your family she mentioned you want filled."

The judge waved her to a seat, and as he bowed his adieu to Bessie, their eyes met in a swift, amused glance, and Bessie went away with a flush on her cheeks, and her heart thrilling—with delight, of course, that she had succeeded her sister.

"Diphtheria, without a doubt, and the judge is terribly distressed for the child's safety—and no wonder, for not a soul in that big house will go near the sick-room—great, hulking cowards, and a motherless child suffering perhaps unto death."

Old Dr. Dayton picked up the reins angrily from off his steady old mare's back, where he had laid them when Bessie Kennedy stopped him, on her way from school, to make her daily inquiry after her pet pup—bright, busy, loving little Maude Thurston.

"Diphtheria! Oh, Dr. Dayton! And those three helpless little children to catch it in turn—did you say no one of the servants—or anybody would go near poor little Maude?"

The rich color was deepening on her cheeks, and her brown eyes like glittering stars, were glowing with mingled pity and indignation.

"People are in an imbecile state of panic about diphtheria. Of course it's bad, bad enough, God knows; but what if it is, when a little motherless child lies tossing and raving in fever, all by herself, except when the judge can get away from his office, to her! He nurses her through the nightime, but what's a man in a sick-room?"

Bessie probably did not hear the question, for she stood prodding among the dead leaves with her umbrella point. Then, she looked up suddenly.

"Dr. Dayton, please tell Judge Thurston I'll come and nurse Maude. I'm not in the least afraid of diphtheria. I'll get my sister to take the school for awhile. Poor little Maude!"

Dr. Dayton drove away, his little shrewd gray eyes twinkling, to tell Judge Thurston what Bessie had said.

"I tell you, there's the right sort of stuff in little Miss Kennedy, judge! What a wife, what a mother she'll be to somebody, one of these days!"

And in those terrible days that followed, when it seemed as if Bessie fought for his darling's life, inch by inch, when her patience knew no faltering, her devotion no wearying, Judge Thurston shared Dr. Dayton's enthusiasm with all his heart.

But, the dread disease at last took its leave; Dr. Dayton paid his last visit to the little convalescent, and Bessie and Maude were sitting together for the last evening, for Bessie was to return to her duties on the following Monday, and she had laughingly declared she must devote the intervening days to a thorough disinfecting process, for the benefit of her scholars.

"But, I don't ever know what I shall do without you, Miss Kennedy," Maude wailed, pitifully. "Nobody ever was so kind to me since mamma died—only papa—but he's only a man."

Bessie smoothed the long, bright curls she had saved from the cruel scissors when the child's fever raged so hotly.

"Oh, I tell you, at school every day, dear, when you get a bit stronger—And shall I ask you to let me come see me on Saturday—you and Aileen and Rosa? And we'll have—let's see—we'll have taffy pulls, and doll's parties, and, perhaps, a cooking club. Altogether, we'll get along quite comfortably."

The child's blue eyes brightened a moment, then the old misery came back.

"If it wasn't for that cross old Miss Green—oh, Miss Kennedy, if papa knew how all of us children hated the housekeeper I'm sure he'd send her away. Oh, Miss Kennedy! Oh dear Miss Bessie, wouldn't it be splendid, splendid if you could be our housekeeper, and always, always stay!"

And Judge Thurston, in his office adjoining, sitting smoking in the early winter dusk, saw the warm color flame all over Bessie's cheek at the child's artless question.

"An hour later, Bessie went into the conservatory to gather her farewell bouquet, and found Judge Thurston deliberately waiting for her.

"So you have decided this to be your last night, Bessie?"

He had fallen into addressing her by her initialized name of late.

"My last night—only think of my poor neglected school!"

He was walking beside her now, between the fragrant orange trees.

"And also only think how forlorn we will be without you! How can I thank you for our sweet charity, your noble devotion in our time of need?"

Bessie picked a faded leaf off a spray of roses she had gathered, her face looking very sweet and serious, and pure as a child's.

"I don't want any pay, Judge Thurston. I came because it was my duty to come—and before I go away, I would just like to speak to you on one subject, if you will pardon me. It is something Maude has complained to me about."

He smiled beneath his thick gray mustache, and such an amused, tender light came into his eyes as he listened.

"It is about Miss Green—she hardly treats the children as they deserve, and as you may think she does. And I can't endure that they should be unhappy through her."

She took a hasty, fumbling grip on his hand.

"I think I can suit, sir. At any rate, I will do my very best."

"None of us can ask more or do more, than one's best, Miss Kennedy. Now about the—salary. It is fair—fifty dollars a month, and of course, board included, and—"

"Oh, then I am not to live at home?"

At turn, Judge Thurston looked inquiringly.

"At home? Pardon me, but I cannot understand how that would be possible, Miss Kennedy. Your duties as my housekeeper, would certainly not permit—"

Bessie jumped to her feet, her face paling and flushing vividly.

"Your housekeeper?"

And Judge Thurston thought he never had

wife! Bessie, sweet eyes, look up! Look at me, dear—do you love me enough to take me?"

And the village school lost its teacher; and the village people gossiped, as a natural thing; and Judge Thurston installed little brown-eyed Bessie in his magnificent home, and between managing it all in its luxuriant details, and loving Maude and Aileen and little Rose, and worshiping her handsomely dignified husband, happy Bessie finds her life very busy and very blessed.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY WM. W. LONG.

It may be in the lightning by theingleside,
Where friends with happy faces sit;
It may be 'neath the lustre of the stars
That you will me forget.

It may be in thy home beside the river,
Where life is love and love is true,
That I will fade from out thy memory,
A face that once you knew.

Bright hope doth fade—so far is heaven,
The dead on earth so dear above;
What am I but a wreck, a ruin,
That I should hold thy love?

Still by the sweet past—dead, but holy,
When I am in thy memory but a blot,
Fair woman, seraph formed and moldered,
Oh! by the past, forget me not!

El Capitan:

OR,

The Queen of the Lakes.

A Romance of the Mexican Valley.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SWEET RESPONSE.

In all the record of a somewhat eventful life, I cannot remember having passed a more miserable night than this in the Laguna de Chalco. I had been lost upon the prairies of the North, half famished with hunger and almost dying of thirst; in imminent danger of having my scalp "raised" by red-skins; had lain all night upon the battle-field, with scarce a drop of blood in my body, but a wound which had depleted me. I believed to be mortal; had twice suffered shipwreck, to escape upon a raft. But to all these incidents I can look back lightly, cheerfully, compared with my remembrance of that night of misery spent in the middle of a swamp; for I was mostretched upon a bed of thorns. I had a companion to share it with me, if that were any consolation; but, although imperiled as myself, I do not believe he more than half comprehended the danger. The Indian who had brought me was a good, jovial fellow, but not over-endowed with brains, and I could not convince him how critical our situation was. To make him acquainted with the nature of the quagmire around us—I had read and been told about it—would have been a difficult task, if not impossible. He had laughed at the cannoneers account of it, treating the whole thing as a joke; or, at all events, an exaggeration, due to the young fellow's fears. I knew it was not, knew it but too well; and, so enlightened, set correspontingly sad. Not strange, with such a prospect before us—a fate possibly the same as befell the fisherman. They had, as I supposed, made direct for the chinampa of the alcalde; but to find it deserted and the chose empty. Apprehending their character, before they could make landing

"As you know, Captain Moreno, I shall be only too pleased to make the acquaintance of any of your friends, whoever they may be."

"That's settled, then; and I shall call for you on Thursday morning. At what hour?"

"Choose your own time; any hour after morning parade. I shall stay in quarters till you come."

"Buena! I'll be with you by eleven. We'll soon gallop down to La Soledad, in good time for the sports, which begin early in the afternoon. My uncle intends to have a grand gathering, all the country people within miles; so you'll have an opportunity to study the costume *bred de Mexico*. And," he added, with a smile of peculiar significance, "possibly you may see something that will please you better than all—meet somebody you'll think even prettier than my pretty cousin."

"Who?" I naturally asked, with an eagerness he could not fail to observe. He had mentioned San Isidro. Besides, I well remembered what he had said about an uncle who lived by the lake; and with heart wildly beating I awaited his answer, more than half aware what it would be. It was as I anticipated:

"La Reina de los Lagos."

At which he again favored me with his peculiar smile.

"Oh!" I said, making an effort to conceal my emotion, unsuccessful though. "You mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market?"

"I mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market," was the response, in provoking imitation of my pseudo-innocence; "the same from whom a certain officer of Mounted Rifles has often purchased the choicest and costliest mementos."

"Vonsens!" I uttered out, interrupting him, as I felt the red rising to my cheeks.

"The more!" he went on, without heeding me, "whose pretty floating flower-garden the said rifleman was so curious to inspect; and did inspect, though it came near costing him his life. Now, amigo mio, do you identify the individual?"

I stammered out some reply, I scarce remember what, only that it ended in a burst of laughter, in which we both took part.

"Now, Señor Capitán," he said, drawing our dialogue to a close, "I think I've secured you for the Noche Buena; doubly secured you, have I not?"

He had; and knew it, without my making answer.

CHAPTER XVI.

EN ROUTE FOR THE FIESTA.

On the Thursday morning, as appointed, Captain Moreno came to my quarters, mounted and ready for the road. He found me awaiting him, with Crittenden, who was to be of the party—the young Mexican having made my friend's acquaintance some time before, and invited him on his own account.

We were both in full uniform, booted and spurred. Our late experience in ranchero dress had given us a distaste for that sort of thing; so we determined to present ourselves at La Soledad in a costume we were more accustomed to, if it did not better become us. Moreover, to make sure against another scare from either robbers or guerrilleros, I had detached a half-dozen files of men to accompany us as escort. This I could do at discretion, without need to trouble head-quarters about such a trifler; and it had all been already arranged with him who was our host by proxy.

"The more the merrier," he said, glancing at the escort mounted, and paraded before us. "Your soldiers—what fine-looking fellows they are!—will greatly add to the interest of the gathering. I'm sure my uncle will be only too glad to give them entertainment, while the country folks will go crazy with delight, at this new element introduced into the arena of their sports. For I'm happy to tell you, caballero, there's no hostility now, as there was when you first made your appearance among us. You came as invaders and conquerors; which, as a matter of course, our people didn't much like. Now, they rather look upon you as protectors. And with reason, considering the way you've behaved, especially in ridding us of road-gentlemen. Before your advent they meant to journey around here rather a risky business."

This was true enough, for we had been zealous in the pursuit of these Mexican brigands, and had succeeded in breaking up some of the bands, by the capture and execution of several of their noted leaders. Still there were others at large, and one whom I suspected of occasionally making his appearance in that part of the valley we were about to visit; so that taking an escort along with us was a precaution by no means unnecessary. Simple prudence called for it.

My brother officer and I expressed our gratification at hearing the Mexican so deliver himself; and everything settled, we sprung into our saddles, gave the word "March!" and were off.

Passing out through the "garita" of San Lazaro, we turned our faces eastward, along the great National road which leads from the capital to the coast at Vera Cruz.

It was a lovely morning, the rule rather than the exception, in this charming valley, where spring never reigns. If there be an interregnum 'tis when summer assumes the scepter. Around us stretched the smiling plain, most of it in meadow, with here and there a maize field, bordered by rows of *magueyes* set in quincunxes, these gigantic aloe forming the characteristic vegetation of the valley. In front was the great salt Lake Tezco, of itself a little sea, reflecting, as from a vast mirror laid upon its back, the mountain ranges which rose beyond, these appearing part of its frame. Southward on this same cordillera of the Mexican Andes, known as the Sierra Madre, Ixticthuatl was conspicuous; *La mujer blanca* of the Spanish-speaking inhabitants—the white woman! herself seen riding on her back, and slightly elevated, breasts protuberant, and head raised up on a pillow of arms.

Still further south, and on the same ridge—separated from Ixticthuatl by a col—towered the lofty Popocatepetl, "the mountain that smokes"—its Aztec appellation telling it to have been an active volcano; which it still is, intermittently. Around the valley our eyes were carried from summit to summit, those behind our backs being in the western cordillera, which displays the solitary snow cone of Toluca; while on our right and left transverse sierras of lower elevation, though many of them high as Mont Blanc, uniting the two cordilleras, and so completing the periphery of this remarkable table-land. It would be difficult to imagine, much more look upon lovelier landscape than that we had before us, and around us; possessing every element of the beautiful, and showing some vast scenic picture, framed in rugged rock-sides. A man, too, teeming with interest to the historian; still more to the geologist, who at every step may discover traces of earthquake and volcanic action, all the forces of upheaval with the opposite and less rapid processes of erosion and denudation. As he rides across it, from east to west, or makes the traverse from north to south, he will not fail to note certain isolated eminences, less like hills than miniature mountains, rising directly up from the plain without any unevenness of ground around their bases. Some of these "cerros" are flat-topped, others conical, with a quaint resemblance to tea-cups turned bottom upward, many having an extinct crater either in their side or summit. Even in Lake Chalco itself, as already stated, two or three of these little volcanoes shoot up out of the swamp, their bodies of dark lava and basalt in striking contrast with the rich verdure of the surrounding edge.

In several scouting expeditions made through the Mexican Valley, while in the performance of my duty, I had ridden among and around these odd elevations, observing them with interested eyes. But on this particular morning I neither looked at, nor thought of them. All my thoughts were given to the sort of people I should meet at La Soledad; but more than all—I may as well confess it—to one I had met before.

Everything was in faultless order. The good

mother-in-law could find no flaw, save the one extravagance in the parlor, which was tacitly avoided by all of them.

Time went on, and Tom's affairs prospered finely the first year. Then the hard times set in, and stronger houses than Tom's felt the pressure.

He got along pretty well, all things considered. But his mother, when she came for her usual spring visit, could see that he looked worn and worried.

One evening he came in very pale, and threw himself in his chair with a smothered groan.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?" asked both mother Morris and Dora, at once.

"Matthew enough! I've tried so hard to keep up, and now everything has got to go by the board!" groaned Tom, leaning his face in his hands.

"Let us know what you mean. Is it you business?" asked mother Morris.

"Yes; I thought I had everything arranged and I could keep up nicely, if I could get through the next three days; and I can't do it."

"Why didn't you come to me for help?" asked mother Morris.

"I thought I could get through by myself, and then I would have been so proud," declared poor Tom. "I had lost some of my esteem—not even Crittenden—and was rather congratulating myself on having kept them secret. At it turned out I was mistaken, and so far as the satisfaction of secrecy went, had been but living in a fool's paradise.

At the *fiesta*, how would the Queen of the Lakes comport herself. With dignity, I could tell; and of her grace there needed no guessing. I could fancy her there, queen of the land as the lakes. It was not of this however I was thinking, but her behavior in other respects. Was she likely to enact the rôle of coquette, and so justify Espinosa's insinuations? or would she be, as had hitherto been seen, the personification of ingenuousness—or innocence—all appear-ance good as she was beautiful?

As yet I had no jealousy. The pang I had experienced, listening to the innuendoes of the would-be-go-between, and the talk of the lances colonel—borne out by appearances, was not exactly of that kind. Besides, I had lost some of my esteem—not even Crittenden—and was rather congratulating myself on having kept them secret. At it turned out I was mistaken, and so far as the satisfaction of secrecy went, had been but living in a fool's paradise.

At the *fiesta*, how would the Queen of the Lakes comport herself. With dignity, I could tell; and of her grace there needed no guessing. I could fancy her there, queen of the land as the lakes. It was not of this however I was thinking, but her behavior in other respects. Was she likely to enact the rôle of coquette, and so justify Espinosa's insinuations? or would she be, as had hitherto been seen, the personification of ingenuousness—or innocence—all appear-ance good as she was beautiful?

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"Now hear my side of the story!" McAlpine interposed. "I did waylay and assault this man, exactly as he has stated; to explain the reason it will be necessary for me to relate quite a story."

"Go ahead, sir," Blake said, with a polite bow: "this hyer court has got gobs of time at its disposal."

"To begin at the beginning: this man and I are old acquaintances and have done much business together. He is Stuart McKerr, the merchant-banker of Buenaventura, and I am Sandy McAlpine, formerly master of the sloop Santa Maria. This man employed me and my craft in smuggling operations, for which the law would gripe him; that is one reason why he wants me out of the way; as long as I live I am a standing menace to him. Lately he employed me on a peculiar mission. I was dispatched by my sloop to San Francisco to bring a girl to Santa Barbara. This girl, by name Barbara Scott, was the heiress to old Michael Scott's hidden treasures secreted somewhere in these mountains. Possibly you have heard of old Michael Scott, the cattle-king."

Blake nodded: "he was very much interested just now and still more astonished, for this story was like a revelation to him.

"There are two men who hungered for the treasure that the old cattle-king concealed—this man, Stuart McKerr, and the alcalde of Tejon Camp, Alexander Black. In the old time, McKerr was Scott's principal man in Buenaventura, as Black was in the mountain region. These two men, each searching for the treasure, naturally had little liking for each other, and so fearful was McKerr that Black would discover he had sent for the girl that I was instructed to land at Santa Barbara instead of Buenaventura, and McKerr, with a beacon-light, was to guide me in. During my absence these two men came together, and the result of their alliance was a plan for the destruction of the heiress and myself. The beacon-light was displayed so as to guide my craft straight on to a bar where a stranded wreck broke in the sides of my vessel, and left us all to the mercies of the roaring waves. The girl, the ill-fated heiress, Barbara, was drowned, but, by a miracle almost, I escaped. I heard in Santa Barbara that Stuart McKerr and the alcalde of Tejon Camp had been seen together, and I concluded that the two had joined hands and sacrificed me, and I determined to be even with this man who had acted so treacherously, and that was the reason why I attacked him."

"See here, gentlemen!" cried Blake, suddenly: "I guess I'll have to resign my position of judge in this business, for I've a big interest in this hidden treasure myself."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 400.)

Inez Gonzalez.

BY T. HAMILTON.

LIEUTENANT HARNEY lay idly smoking beneath the tall cactus at the very brow of a cliff that overhung the blue ocean.

Across to the west a long, dark line against the glistening horizon showed where Cuba stretched its protecting arm about this smaller island, turning aside the fierce Gulf gales and the chilling winds of the northern ocean.

The bright sunlight fell shimmering through the waving leaves about upon a carpet of softest green dashed with colors rich from Nature's lavish hand; the sweet breeze came laden with intoxicating perfumes, and far down at the idler's feet the broad Atlantic rippled and smiled as a maiden in a dance.

The Isle of Pines seemed an earthly Paradise to the young officer after the many months of cruising through which he had just passed, and he forgot the great black bulk of the "Corsican" which lay moored in the roadstead at New Gerona, and enjoyed to its fullest extent his shore leave; only longing, in a half-dreamy way, for the presence of some dusky Cuban Eve with rich, ripe lips and melting eyes to sit at his side and complete the Oriental picture and his Eden fancy.

The day was far spent and already Harney was beginning to think of returning homeward when he saw the sun set and returning to the port, when there came ringing through the still soft air a sound that electrified his heart and sent the quick blood coursing swiftly in all his veins; it was the cry of a woman in distress.

Instinctively his hand sought the revolver within his bosom, but ere he could decide from which direction the cry came, the jar of rapidly-beating hoofs struck his ear, and an instant later there burst from the chaparral a little to his left a magnificent steed, white with foam, his eyes starting from his head in terror, his nostrils dripping blood, and bearing upon his back a richly-dressed girl, who sought in vain to guide or control him.

As the horse sprang into the open space the lieutenant darted forward to seize him, but he might as well have thought to catch the west wind, for, with a snort of increased fear, the maddened animal plunged forward directly toward the edge of the cliff; another instant and all would be lost—horse and rider would plunge a thousand feet downward to death upon the cruel rocks below!

But that instant was enough. With an arm like steel and an eye that never failed, Harney leveled his weapon, and, even as the trembling brute was within twenty paces of the verge, fired!

There was a wild cry, so human-like that the officer's blood ran cold; then, rearing high in the air the noble animal shivered, pawing wildly; a bright stream of blood poured from the region of his heart; he reeled, and then fell heavily to the earth, dead; throwing his fair rider some distance away upon the grass.

Hurrying forward the young lieutenant fell upon his knees at her side and gently raised her head to his breast. Then, drop by drop, he poured a little brandy from his flask between the ashen lips, and chafed the cold white hands until a quivering sigh announced returning consciousness.

Slowly the heavy lids were raised, the long black lashes half-vailing the deep eyes beneath, and with a startled expression the young girl scanned the face of her rescuer for an instant. Then a light smile crossed her features, the lips that had now regained their ruby hue parted, and with an eloquent gesture she spoke:

"I owe my life to you! Surely you must be a friend."

"Indeed, signorina, I may aspire to that title," replied the officer, with an ambling smile. "I am Lieutenant Ned Harney, of the steamer Corsican, and in the enjoyment of my shore leave to-day I chanced to wander to this spot. It was the sweetest chance of all my life, signorina, since by it I was enabled to render you a service and to know you. But you are weak and faint. May I accompany you to your home? You can ride my mule by transferring your saddle to his back."

They both arose, Harney still supporting the lady, for she was still exhausted and nervous from her fall, and moved toward where the horse lay.

"Poor Don! Poor Don!" cried the girl as she knelt at his side and placed her hand upon his head. "Are you really dead? I love you, Don, and you were wild or you would never have run so with me! Ah, signor!" and she raised her eyes filled with sparkling tears toward her companion. "Don was my horse, my very own, and I have ridden him for years. He never would have hurt me knowingly, but he was frightened, he was wild; and now he is dead!"

Harney thought that he had never seen a lovelier face than that which was raised to his, and he would have given his commission had those tears shed for him; but he assisted the girl to rise and only said: "Signorina, forgive me; I had to kill him if he would have carried you over the precipice."

They loosed the saddle from Don and calling his mule, the Lieutenant secured it upon his back and lifted his fair charge to her seat. As they turned their faces inland the young officer, with hand upon the bridle-rein, said: "And your name, signorina; may I know it?"

"Inez Gonzalez," replied the girl.

And so, chatting pleasantly, they left the broad plateau which skirted the coast and entered a rugged range of hills, passing which they at last emerged upon high, rolling land, which sloped gently to the far-away port, and about which were scattered here and there beautiful residences, nestling among orange-groves and flanked by great fields of growing cotton and tobacco.

An hour passed. As they slowly advanced their conversation became low and lower until heard the half-whispered words that passed between them, while the winding path seemed all too straight and the distance all too short to both Harney and his companion; and oftentimes the sleepy mule would nibble at the roadside until of his own free will he chose to move on again.

At length, however, they reached a little rise of ground from which could be plainly seen all the country below them.

Halting at this point for a moment, Inez called the Lieutenant's attention to a mansion, not far distant, and said, "There, signor, is my house. You will come with me and receive from my father the thanks which I cannot give."

"And if I do?" replied the lieutenant. "do you think that all the words in the world can repay me as one glance of your eyes, signorina?"

The girl blushed deeply and her bosom heaved fast.

"The signor still flatters me. He cannot mean all that he says. I am but a simple Cuban, and you are an American officer, who has seen the world."

"True, signorina; but all the world hides itself before you, and I forget, while by your side, that another woman lives!" You have said that I might be your friend," continued Harney, pressing the little hand which he held in his; "but I may not become more, your loving, your husband, Inez, darling! I love you! I loved you from the instant you burst upon my sight, pale and disheveled, clinging to me madly; I loved you when I held your head against my bosom; I love you now, and forever! Tell me, may I not hope? Do you care for me, love me! Will you be mine? Speak, I pray you, my darling, my life!"

As he poured forth the burning, passionate words, the young officer threw his arm about the girl and gazed into her face with eyes glowing with love, awaiting her answer.

No reply came in words; but, slowly yielding, Inez bent her superb form toward him, dropped her queenly head until the raven tresses swept the lieutenant's cheek, until her eyes, witching yet tender, met his, and their lips touched in one long, clinging kiss.

But, even as heaven seemed opening above them, a shiver ran through Inez; she suddenly released herself from her lover's embrace, and with a sharp cry, clasped both hands over her face.

"Oh, my God! what have I done? It cannot be, it cannot be! Leave me; if you love me, leave me!"

Harney trembled.

"What do you mean? My precious one, my pearl, do you mean? I will never leave you for you love me! You are mine!" and again he would have clasped her in his arms had she not prevented him.

At that instant, and before either could speak, the sharp ring of hoofs announced the approach of another horseman, and looming through the now-gathering darkness the lieutenant saw the form of a man riding rapidly toward them.

"Hist!" whispered Inez; "not another word! That is my cousin, that is the man to whom I am pledged by my father. I love you, but that is why it is not be!"

The young officer's brain reeled, and for an instant his hand rested upon his revolver and murder was in his heart; then he whispered in one:

"It shall be, nevertheless—meet me at midnight in your father's garden!"

Before Inez could reply the horseman was close upon them.

"Ah, sweet cousin! Found at last!" said a rich voice, in Spanish; "what is this—mounted on a mule? Where is Don, and who is this signor? At the question the stranger bowed toward Harney.

"Bernardo, this is Lieutenant Harney. He saved my life and you must thank him. Do not be afraid."

When the astonished Spaniard had ridden forward and presented his thanks to the young officer, who received them coolly enough, Inez told the story of her adventure—her terrible danger, and her wonderful escape. At the close, Bernardo Gonzalez again bestowed profuse thanks upon Harney, insisting that he remain at the mansion house until morning, the guest of his uncle, the father of Inez, and give them all an opportunity to more fully express the deep obligation which they felt.

They were now in fact at the gate of the winding avenue which led to the broad piazza, and the Spaniard was most importunate and undoubtless in his entreaties. But the lieutenant refused, courteously, but positively, and with characteristic stubbornness, would not be moved even by Inez to change his decision; so that at last Bernardo was forced to allow him to depart, remounted upon his mule.

As he turned his horse, he waved an "adieu" to both and shot one glance at Inez which spoke volumes and brought the rich blood surging to her neck and cheeks. Then, with a clatter of hoofs, he was gone.

At day-dawn the Corsican was to sail. Harney knew this and he knew, too, that if he would win his Cuban wife she must be on board at that hour and sail with him.

It would not do to wait a more opportune moment. It must be to-night or never! He might never see New Gerona again.

Reaching the port the officer at once secured a boat and was rowed to the cruiser.

There he found the captain and asked permission that a friend might accompany him to New York.

"My friend will occupy my state-room, captain, and will make no trouble about it; and it will be a great pleasure to us to travel together if you will permit it."

"Of course, lieutenant; of course, sir!" replied hearty Captain Shepard. "My officer's pleasure and my own shall never run counter in board in time, for we sail at sun-up, sure."

"Without fail, sir," replied Harney, laughing to himself; he leapt upon the captain and saluted. Here he made arrangements for a small light boat with two oarsmen to be stationed near the quay ready to meet him at a given signal and convey him to the Corsican when he should return. Then he renewed the cartridges in his revolver, threw a heavy cloak across his shoulders that entirely concealed his uniform and set out on the plantation of Signor Gonzalez.

The solemn notes of the midnight bell from the Chapel de San Salvador floated slowly over roadstead, port and broad plateau until half-way up the gentle slope above the town they came in tremulous murmurs to the ear of a silent watcher, crouching within a clump of flowering magnolias in the corner of a magnificent garden. He shook himself and softly arose.

"If she comes at all she will meet me now," he whispered; "I will go toward yonder arbor and wait."

With cat-like tread and bated breath, with watchful eye and ear alert to the slightest sound, Lieutenant Harney moved toward a vine-covered summer-house that stood not far away.

He had reached it and was already drawing aside the leafy screen so that he might enter, when something startled him, and like a shadow he dropped to the ground again and waited, listening.

There came the gleam of a light dress flitting between the trees, the crunch upon the gravel of a heavy boot, and then two figures stood in the arbor before him. It was Inez.

A woman's voice sounded through the night. It was Inez.

"You may go, Miguel. I am cooler here and will rest awhile. It is perfectly safe in the garden and I am not afraid. Return to your quarters."

The man bowed low and retired just without the summer-house. After a moment the girl spoke again.

"You need not wait for me, Miguel; I will return to the house alone. I said that you might go to your quarters."

"Yes, signorina; but Signor Bernardo gave me particular orders not to lose sight of you until you went to your room again. So I do not dare go to my quarters."

Inez stamped her foot angrily.

"Then you will obey Bernardo rather than me?" she cried.

"I must, signorina, or run the risk of punishment," replied the man.

"You shall surely be punished and that severely, too, unless you do as I order you," said Inez. "Go to your quarters, slave, and leave me alone!"

There came no reply, but the servant Miguel remained motionless, by his actions refusing obedience.

"You choose to disobey me!" cried the girl, in passionate tones. "It is well. But at least since you will not go, I may leave you. Stand aside and let me pass!" and she turned to go from the arbor.

But the man made no movement. He only raised his hand deprecatingly and said:

"Even this, signorina, I dare not do except I follow you. Such are my orders."

For an instant Inez was speechless; then darting past the sentinel she cried:

"I will go where I will! And I command you not to follow!" and with the words she sped rapidly down the garden path toward the rear of the grounds.

But more rapidly followed the slave, and ere twenty paces were completed, his hand was upon her shoulder, his arm about her waist, and another instant would have made her his captive, when a dark shadow arose at his very side, an intense voice hissed "Dog" and a stunning blow from the butt of Harney's revolver stretched the slave's sinews upon the ground, while with a single glad sob of relief, Inez half-fainted into her bosom.

The distance to the port and the quay, where lay the Lieutenant's boat, was fully half a Spanish league, yet within thirty minutes, the two stood at the head of the broad street that ran to the water's edge, and not far before them, the moonbeams shivered and broke upon the dimpling waves of the roadstead. They were safe!

Up to this time hardly a word had passed between the lovers, for both knew too well the need of haste to lose breath in conversation. Now, however, as the world seemed open before them—a beautiful world, filled with love—Harney turned and clasped his sweet mistress close to his heart, pressed kiss after kiss upon her luscious lips and poured words of softest sound into her willing ears. And the voluptuous lips returned the kisses, each for each: the beautiful mouth spoke answering words of endearment while round, white arms embraced the lover's neck, and a proud head rested in his bosom. Suddenly, the young officer ceased this dalliance and turned his face backward, with a quick endearing motion. What sound was that?

Ringing hoarsely through the still night and across the broad, distant hills there came a far-away cry, each instant increasing in volume, each moment drawing nearer and nearer; it was the voices of Cuban bloodhounds! Their flight had been discovered and they were on the trail.

Harney caught his companion in his arms and swiftly down the gentle incline toward the sea. The distance was short and the burden light, yet, ere he stood upon the stones of the quay the blood-chilling notes of the trailers' fierce cry rang out from the very spot where but now he had stood, and a few brief moments only separated his darling and himself from their fangs! He trembled as the thought came to him—what if!

He whistled sharply; then listened, gazing upon the waters of the bay.

There was no answering sound nor rattle of gun in rowlock; only the low lapping of the little waves against the stone pier.

Again his clear note rung out, and still no answer, yet a third time, while his face grew white and his muscles rigid as he strained his ears to catch the returning signal. But it came not—the boat was not there!

And now, when still nearer came the howling, bounding, bayonets, beyond and behind them Harney could hear the shouts of men and the tramp of horses—they were caught!

For an instant the young man's brain reeled; then pressing the form of his loved one to his heart, he murmured: "Inez, sweetheart, will you live with them or die with me?" and the girl nestled closer to him, and whispered, "With you, my king, be it life or death!"

"Hold fast, then," said Harney, "there is one more chance;" and turning, he sprang far out into the waters of the roadstead before him.

Nor any too soon, for hardly had he risen to the surface after his first plunge than, glancing backwards as he swam, he saw two red-throated beasts panting and snarling upon the outermost stone of the quay, while close behind them rode a dozen men with gleaming weapons.

"Come back! come back! or we will shoot! Come back, or by Santa Maria, the dogs shall tear you limb from limb in the water!"

Inez heard the cry, and her face grew yet more pale as she clung to her lover's shoulder; but she made no sign, and Harney swam silently on.

Again the warning cry, and then a moment later the whip-like crack of a carbine and the skip of a ball

